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EDWARD L. BLOOM.

At the Theatres.



The appearance of Raymond in a new part was an event that attracted a large number of play-goers to the Fourteenth Street on Thursday night of last week. The piece was *For Congress*, from the pen of a Washington newspaper correspondent, Mr. D. D. Lloyd. It was described as a political satire, but it scarcely deserves to be classified so pretentiously. Mr. Raymond plays General Josiah Limber, a wire-puller, who runs a simple old Western farmer for Congress against his will. The election results in a tie, however, and the rival candidates resign from the contest in favor of the ubiquitous General. The latter character has some very funny situations, a comic love episode, and his speeches contain any number of palpable political hits, which were immensely relished by the spectators. There is a background of a slightly serious nature, but this merely serves to heighten the effect of the General's funniness and to give the audience occasional respites from intense mirth when Raymond is not on the stage. The piece was successful, not particularly because it possesses the dramatic merit necessary to success, but because it furnishes a favorite comedian with fine opportunities for humorous acting, and brims over with broad, irresistible fun.

There is no actor on the boards to-day who is so capable of delineating quaint and amusing phases of American character as Mr. Raymond. In Sellers, Fresh, and this, his last essay, he has given us three distinct types. He makes General Limber a faithful embodiment of the electioneering Yankee, with all the shrewdness, cunning and humor of that peculiarly native production. The experience of Mr. Lloyd at the National Capital has enabled him to sketch the eccentricities of the genus politician with considerable fidelity. But he must credit Raymond with the survival of his piece, since without that actor's portrayal of the principal part it could not possibly exist.

The audience laughed until it was tired, and General Limber received the unquestionable stamp of Metropolitan approval. He is a happy addition to the humorous characters of the stage.

We remember William Cullington as a member of Abbey's Park company, when he never rose beyond mediocrity. But he has improved wonderfully. As Peter Wooley, the old gentleman who is run for Congress against his will, Mr. Cullington displayed genuine ability as a character actor. His performance was a genuine surprise. George De Vere played the villain, Dexter. Villains in farcical comedies stand very little show; but Mr. De Vere succeeded in acting the bad man without occasioning a smile—a feat that may be set down as a mighty achievement. H. A. Weaver, Jr., played an Anglo-maniacal dude, Pelham Periwinkle, acceptably. Lawrence Marston was very good as Alfred Wooley, although the part is unimportant. Messrs. Marble, Pierson and Lant were satisfactory in minor roles.

As Anna Wooley, Sallie Higelow looked extremely pretty, and she acted with naturalness and grace. Mrs. De Vere, as Susan Muffin, was amusing, and Lizzie Creese did all she could with *Jemima Grimm*. On the whole, the play was very well acted. The star and principal members of the support were summoned before the curtain after every act.

Since the first performance *For Congress* has drawn crowds of people, and Raymond will close his engagement with a big, big boom. Next Monday J. K. Emmet will appear for the first time in New York as the hero of *Fritz in Bohemia*. This piece is by Mr. Thomas Keane, the accomplished dramatic critic of the *Buffalo Courier*, and it has met with favor wherever it has been presented this season. American journalists seem to be coming to the front as dramatists—at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Barry and Fay drew a crowded house at the People's Monday evening. Their farcical comedy, *Irish Aristocracy*, is an extremely funny conglomeration, although its tone is rather coarse and vulgar. The horse-play of the stars in the broad Irish comedy parts of *Mulraby* and *Muldoon* was hugely relished by the audience, who were kept in an almost incessant roar of laughter from the beginning of the exhibition until the end thereof. The people, Barry and Fay have gathered about them are not geniuses, but they perform the function of "feeding" the principal lights with commendable energy.

The *Two Orphans* was given at the New Park by Miss Claxton and her efficient company. There was quite a numerous assembly present. The play went with the usual

dramatic effect, and the patrons of the house honored the star with several recalls during the evening. We have already noticed this company individually. The setting was good. Janushek plays here next week.

A burlesque by William Gill called *Little Hendrick Hudson* was presented at Tony Pastor's Monday evening before a full house. The piece is crowded with fun, and Miss Irwin and the other members of the company acted it with spirit. Preceding the burlesque came a capital olio.

Before a large audience on Monday evening at the Third Avenue, John A. Stevens played *Manuel DeFoe*, in his drama of *Passion's Slave*. The company was materially the same as that which was recently noticed in these columns. It rendered efficient aid to the star. The audience was quite enthusiastic, applauding the actors at all the startling situations with prodigal liberality. Edna Carey acted *Manie Briscoe* finely, making points that were missed by her several predecessors.

Next week Mr. and Mrs. Rankin will produce in this house *Gabriel Conroy*, the play founded on Bret Harte's story of that name. Mr. Bryton will act the leading character in support of these justly favorite stars, and a competent company will fill the other characters.

On Saturday night D. H. Harkins played to a small house at the Star in *Richard III*. Mr. Harkins used to be a very capable leading man. We cannot say as much of him as a would-be bright particular star.

This evening, at Wallack's, a new play, called *Deception*; or *Aunt Ann*, will be produced. In it Messrs. Gilbert, Tearle, Howson and other favorite members of the company will appear. The piece contains a good deal of comedy, and those who have watched the rehearsals say that it will probably make a success. The name of the author is withheld for the reason, it is claimed, that Mr. Wallack himself does not know it. The MS. has been knocking about the theatre for a number of years and the identity of the writer is lost or forgotten. Should *Deception* make a hit we doubt not its progenitor will quickly come to the fore.

Mrs. Langtry has been drawing packed houses to the Fifth Avenue since the first night that she appeared in the piece which, in conformance to Bartley Campbell's injunction, is no longer called *Peril*, but *A Wife's Peril*. On nearly every night the standing-room sign has been hung out at the Broadway entrance. The matinee Saturday showed a fringe of stylishly dressed women standing throughout the performance at the rear of the auditorium. Mrs. Langtry is happy, and so also is Mr. Mendum, her affable and radiant manager.

Although preparations have been made for bringing out the new play by Boyesen, at the Madison Square, there seems to be no immediate prospect of its seeing light, for *The Rajah* continues to hold its own in a manner that must surprise the management as well as everybody else. The draught of the singularly successful comedy appears to be unvarying, and so long as the houses are good it is unlikely *The Alpine Rose* will be brought on. Should the necessity arise, however, everything is ready for that event. The scenery will be handsome and the piece will prove to have more stamina and less gruel than some of the works that have had the invaluable benefit of production at the theatre which makes successes.

The Pavements of Paris, although it has drawn and is still drawing good houses, will finish its run at Niblo's on Saturday night. Next week Gus Williams, who is a great favorite with the patrons of this house, as indeed he is with almost everybody, will depict the humors and vicissitudes of *One of the Finest*. The part of John Misher shows Williams at his best, and although it is a characterization familiar to theatre goers generally, it has gained in popularity what it has lost in novelty.

Some managers complain that the theatrical weather is very cold. Harrigan and Hart are not included among this class. The physical and figurative temperature may vary, but there is no variation in the attendance on *Cordelia's Aspirations*. The auditorium of the Comique is filled nightly to overflowing, and the only people in the vicinity who are not made superlatively happy by the irresistible comedy are the late-comers who can't get their noses in at the doors. Mr. Harrigan, Mr. Hart, Mrs. Yeamans and John Wild form a quartet of comedians such as cannot be found elsewhere, and Tim Minkok (the dramatic Hovle) advises all its readers who doubt to hesitate no longer, but visit the Comique and laugh till they cry over *Cordelia's Aspirations*.

The Cosmopolitan graveyard will shortly be reopened, under the management of a lady. The statement that W. J. Fleming will preside over the artistic department is a guarantee that the lovers of sensation drama and scene-chewing acting will have their fill.

The Grand Opera House has done a large business with *Barrett in Francesca da Rimini*. The opportunity of witnessing this \$1.50 production at half-price has proved irresistible to

the denizens of the West side. The gorgeous mise-en-scene and the stirring scenes of Mr. Barker's virile play arouse great admiration, and the star and his associates come in for a generous share of the same article. Next week the prince of eccentric comedians, Nat Goodwin, and his talented wife, Eliza Weathersby, will fill a short engagement.

The English play-goers down-town will soon have another place of amusement to engage their attention—for a brief time at least. Manager Amberg will shortly bring out the national opera 1776, by Goldmark and Englander, at the Thalia.

The last two weeks of Edwin Booth's engagement at the Star are being devoted to a repetition of the parts he acted earlier in his engagement. Monday and Tuesday, *Hamlet* and *Lear* were presented. Last night Mr. Booth was seen in *Petruchio* and *Shylock*, Thursday *Macbeth*, Friday *Richelieu*, and Saturday afternoon *Hamlet*. The engagement has been an exceedingly profitable one. Although the difference in price precludes the possibility of duplicating the Irving receipts, it is significant that within a similar period of time a much greater number of people have witnessed the performances of our great tragedian.

Storm-Beaten will be kept on at the Union Square until Saturday week. On Monday Ed Collier will assume the part of Christian Christianson, which he will afterward play on the road. Mr. Rankin is thus enabled to appear at his own theatre in the new play. On Monday, the 28th, Mr. Campbell's comedy *Separation* will be produced. The company are actively rehearsing and Marston is preparing some beautiful scenery. It was at the Union Square that *My Partner*, Campbell's first pronounced success, was brought out.

The Musical Mirror.



The Sunday concert at the Casino was well attended. The soloists were Aimee, Angele and Nigri. Aimee sang a couple of chansons-ettes, one of which went with great gusto, and received a rousing encore. "Pretty as a Picture," that somewhat antique but always amusing ditty, as sung by the lively bouffer, met with the usual success. Nigri gave a romance by Thomas and a song by Fauer in excellent style. Angele's rendition of "Bras-desus" was very piquante. Mr. Aronson's efficient band played a number of popular selections nicely.

The Beggar Student will give way pretty soon to *The Merry War* at the Casino—how soon it is impossible to say just yet. The present bill seems attractive enough to last some time longer; it is drawing evenly good receipts.

The concert Sunday at the Metropolitan was very enjoyable. Signor Vianesi's splendid orchestra played the overture to *William Tell* and other selections with capital effect. Fursch-Madi, Trebelli, Del Puente and Capoul were the chief soloists. They were all applauded more or less. The Metropolitan will not be used for opera or concert purposes again until Mr. Abbey opens his regular Spring season.

Orpheus and Eurydice, thanks to the dresses, the comedy of Digby Bell and the legs of the ladies, remains a potent graving card at the pretty Bijou. Max Freeman slips in and out of the cast occasionally to observe the effects of his stage management from the front, and admire the effects of his libretto from a point of vantage. War still exists between the rival composers of libretti. Rosenfeld and Freeman never speak when they pass by—except in looks, which sometimes speak daggers.

Aimee and her band of bouffe artists are concluding the engagement at Haverly's Comedy Theatre. They are doing their old round of business, but the public liberally patronize them all the same. After the French evacuate, the house will be devoted to burlesque, of which Mr. Stetson seems to hold the monopoly just at present.

Trebelli scored a great success as *Carmen* at the Metropolitan, last Wednesday night, giving a performance of the role that thoroughly delighted the audience. On Friday La Gioconda was presented before a packed house. The tid-bit of a season was very successful, Abbey having fared better than his down-town rival, who thought to do something extremely smart by stepping in at an unusual period. As usual, Mapleson has been papering heavily.

Chat with De Vivo.

Signor De Vivo, the veteran *impresario*, is directing the arrangements for Brignoli's benefit, which takes place at Chickering Hall on Saturday evening.

"Nearly all the seats are gone," said he yesterday to a *Mink* representative. "Brignoli has many friends in society circles. A number have bought fifty and one hundred tickets, out of friendship for the old favorite."

"How is Brignoli's voice? Has not age robbed it of its power and sweetness?"

"Not at all; not at all!" asserted Signor De Vivo, enthusiastically. "Brignoli's voice is marvellous—phenomenal. He is fifty-eight years old, and he has been singing for thirty years, but it has never lost its silvery quality."

"How do you account for that?"

"To begin with, it was a remarkably flexible and natural organ. He did not have to strain, as some singers do, to reach the high notes. They were all there—he merely had to open his mouth—so—and they poured out like a stream of pure water. Then he has always lived well, and at all times he saved his voice when he could. You never heard Brignoli in the zenith of his fame waste strength and energy on the *finale*. He husbanded his resources, and they have consequently never failed him. He is the best tenor living in this country to-day—but, of course, with increasing years he has lost some of his att activeness with the public and he is no longer looked upon as a drawing card. He is really a wonderful singer in point of vocal longevity. There is only one other tenor in the world (Sims Reeves, who is sixty-two years of age) that has remained so long in active service."

"Brignoli appeared with Patti at her debut in New York, did he not?"

"Yes; I was present that night. The opera was *La Sonnambula*. The diva got \$100 a week then. She receives \$5,000 a night now—that is enough to break any *impresario*. Yet Patti is undoubtedly the finest prima donna that ever sang here or anywhere else."

"Would it not be a good plan to place Brignoli again in *La Sonnambula* with Patti—reviving memories of her debut years ago and forming an interesting commentary on her present triumphs?"

"That was thought of, but the negotiations fell through."

"Why?"

"Ah," exclaimed Signor De Vivo, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, "Nicolini is Patti's husband. He is extraordinarily jealous. Patti and Mapleson were anxious to make the arrangement, and Brignoli would have been delighted to appear in the same cast with his old sister artist, but Nicolini objected. He will allow no one to sing opposite to her but himself."

"What do you think of the operatic outlook?"

"Humph!" ejaculated De Vivo, "salaries are too extravagant. There is too much rivalry. New York will not support two opera companies. I find that there is more money to be made nowadays in the concert business."

Points on Sam'l.

"I have only recently taken the management of Mr. Curtis," said Harry Mann the other day, "and although I was with Colonel Haverly for over ten years, and saw some very prosperous times, I never met anything to compare with that of my present star. It is wonderful, and I am sure he is clearing a net profit of over \$2,000 a week. I can easily explain it when you consider the class of people who go to see Sam'l of Posen. It is, first of all, a very funny piece, and the chief character is a very funny man. The drummers or commercial travellers take their families and friends, because they wish to let them see what road life is, and how they act when they are travelling. The Jews go, as they like to imagine how smart a Hebrew boy can be when he gets the chance; the merchant is curious as to the life of a drummer when away from his firm; the Germans cotton to him because he is a German character, for the most part, and the general community like to patronize any piece that is humorous."

"We have played three city engagements this season, and for the next can command almost our own terms. The new piece, Sam'l of Posen on the Road, will not be given until next season, and we have a choice of three different theatres in which to present it. It will represent Sam'l as he is when married, and everyone who has heard the piece considers it extremely funny. We go away now on the road, and will work to San Francisco and new territory which Mr. Curtis has never yet visited. We will not go to England until next season."

"Mrs. Curtis (Albina de Mer) will continue to play *Camille* at all matinees, and in some one-night towns where managers have requested us to perform it."

Life of a Wanderer.

BY LUNPAU VAGABUNDUS.

XXVII.

On the arrival of the opera company in San Francisco a terrible discovery was made. The baggage, when brought ashore, proved to lack its most important element—namely, the music. Not a single score, not even a first fiddle part of any opera in the repertory, was to be found, the chest containing them having been left on the dock in New York.

There was no railway, no telegraph, in those days. There was only one course to pursue, and that was to hunt up all the piano and voice editions of two or three operas that could be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen in San Francisco, and to set to work and arrange the music for the orchestra as best could be done. Fortunately, Anthony Reiff, the conductor, was a skilled expert in orchestration, and to him the task was confided. Night and day did he work, till in the incredibly short space of a week two operas, *La Sonnambula* and *The*

Daughter of the Regiment, were all ready for rehearsal.

Meantime Frank L'Estrange had taken the chorus and stage under his care, and between the two indefatigable workers the opera season opened with *La Sonnambula*. An immediate and triumphant success rewarded the pluck and labor of the artists, and to this day that opera season is quoted in San Francisco as the model and exemplar of musical development on the Pacific Coast. Incredible as it may appear, the profit realized by the brothers L'Estrange in a season of eight months reached the very pleasant sum of \$30,000, after all expenses had been paid. The missing music was recovered in due time; but had it not been for the talent and zeal of Conductor Reiff, the season could never have commenced, and in natural sequence the profit never could have been made.

Frank enjoyed his life in San Francisco hugely. The bright, cheerful climate, the genial, hearty companions, the shower of gold that fell on his head, and the lavish applause, all combined to make him as happy a fellow as one could meet on a Summer's day, and his first season in San Francisco is marked with a white stone on the calendar of his life. In the meantime hard work was beginning to tell upon the singers and Frank and Will determined not to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, but rather to catch another, if possible. So, at the end of the season, the two brothers took ship for New York to search out another prima donna and tenor, if perchance, such rarities were in the market, leaving the rest of the company to enjoy a well-earned holiday among the glories of Yosemite and the vine-clad hills and golden valleys of lovely California. Arrived in New York, and finding nothing available there, the brothers L'Estrange determined to cross the water and try what could be got in Europe, and so landed in London with full purses and light hearts. Before proceeding to business they determined to run over to Ireland and see how things were on the "ould sod." Accordingly, they started for Holyhead, crossed on one of those amphibious boats belonging to the mail service between England and Ireland, which seem to travel through the waves, not to ride over them, and to push their well-guarded snouts into the bosom of the sea as a ploughshare divides the bosom of the land. In Dublin Frank and Will repaired to Morrison's Hotel and disposed themselves for a good time, and carried out their disposition in a masterly manner. After a hasty look round the Irish metropolis, which in those days, although sufficiently patriotic and pugnacious, was not the nest of assassins and hang-dog dynamiters that it has since become. They departed for the beautiful County of Wicklow, to which Arcadia Captain L'Estrange had betaken himself on his sons quitting their native land.

The old officer lived in a pretty cottage about a mile out of the town of Wicklow, where his modest household consisted of himself, his youngest son, an old and faithful servant, who had come into the family as Mrs. L'Estrange's maid, had nursed each child as it appeared on the stage of this world, and on the collapse of the family fortunes had remained faithful to the last, and supplied the place of mother, housekeeper and humble friend, without fee or reward. There were a few such examples of fidelity and attachment in Ireland then, but none to compare with the devotion of this excellent woman, who, of her own free will, chose to forego all prospect of bettering her condition in life, or of marriage, to watch over and cherish the children she had brought up, and to whom she was more than a mother. An humble peasant woman, but with a heart of gold. She rests now under the sod of her native and well-beloved land, and her memory is still held sacred by the survivors of the race she so loyally served and tended. Peace be to thy ashes, dear old Betty; thy like is not often seen on this ungracious earth.

The advent of two likely young men, with their pockets full of twenty dollar-gold-pieces and their heads full of fun, made a commotion in the sleepy old town of Wicklow almost equal to the arrival of a foreign nobleman in New York, and in the space of two weeks Frank and Will had contrived to "fright the isle from its propriety" and well nigh demoralize the neighborhood at large. Capt. L'Estrange's old grey-goose was forced to exhibit paces he never had made any pretensions to during his long and useful life, and the rusty old livery-stable hacks were ridden nearly to the death in excursions among the mountains of that picturesque County of Wicklow. The "Meeting of the Waters," the "Seven Churches," the "Glen of the Downs," the "Scalp," "Carrig mo Reglia," the "Devil's Glen," were all visited and explored; several tea-parties and dinners were endured, and then came dismal *cannots* and blank obstruction.

Oh, the misery of a country town, and above all, an Irish country town. Still worse, a country town without soldiers, and aiming to be commercial in a small way, with a couple of leading inhabitants who live in big square houses and hate each other like poison by reason of trade jealousy; a parson and a priest who hate each other for the love of God; a militia captain and a police inspector, who hate each other for the honor of the service; a coast guard lieutenant who looks down on both, but hates them, nevertheless, on nautical grounds, as being land-lubbers; two doctors, who hate each other on principle—one being a disciple of Hahnemann and holding with infinitesimal poison, the other clearing to Galen and poisoning by wholesale; an hotel in which nothing could be got for money save whiskey and Guinness; a porter; a jail and a few rows of mud cabins, and a mob of wretched paupers totally dependent, body and soul, on the aristocracy of the haters above mentioned. No wonder that Frank and Will, fresh from genial, whole-hearted, tree-and-easy California, with its golden sunshine in their veins and its golden dollars in their pockets, should tire of the misty mountains of Wicklow and crave for a change.

(To be continued.)

In the Ranks was played last week at the People's to overflowing houses. On Saturday night there were over one thousand in a gallery built to accommodate about six hundred. Total receipts for the week \$7,100. The mention of Lotta brought new smiles to Manager Kidder's face. "Her success in Little Nell," said he, "will undoubtedly follow her through the remainder of her European tour. It is not settled when she will return, but she opens her season here on Oct. 1. Her dates are being rapidly filled, and she is commanding higher terms than ever before."

The Giddy Gusher



ON GOOD HANDS.

"The man who lays his hand upon a woman" should make sure it's a nice one. If there is anything detestable in the world it's an ugly claw. I've been making a study of hands lately when the rest of the entertainment presented in the theatres flashed in the pan, and I have come to the conclusion that good-looking "dukes" are as scarce here as they are in Great Britain.

I had admired Langtry's very lovely costumes the other night, and wished with all my heart she would just keep changing her dresses and never try to act, but carry out the intention of Providence, which was to make her a lay figure, when I became aware of the fact that the air was thick with mysterious hands, as it is at a spiritual seance. All these various claws held opera-glasses, and so I began to call the roll.

Hand No. 1 belonged to the first-night dude—that young man with the long, hairless upper lip and the ugliest chin in New York—that dreadful creature who wears the highest collar and the tightest pants of all the Ticney Hops we have among us. Now, his hand is a cultured one—certainly the manicure devotes a part of every day to its decoration. He has nails that, if left alone, would look like peppermint lozenges; but they have been trained and pointed and polished till they simply entrance their possessor, who contemplates them admiringly at every opportunity. He has the English fad of wearing on his third finger five or six rings, with gaudy little settings, of no earthly value but to point out what a numbskull the man is.

The next paw belongs to a very commonplace young man, whose whole interior apparatus is occupied in enjoying an off-colored diamond ring. He first rubs this stone on his pantaloons leg, turns it in the best light, and holds his glass well up, with the distinguished little finger, on which he wears his pet, sticking out as stiff as a poker. He has a stubby, broad hand, and on the distinguished finger he has cultivated a finger nail of such desperate proportions that it is fascinating. I try to withdraw my attention to something pleasant. No, I have to gaze in stony horror till he drops that glass. Then this man has to arrange his back hair, to paralyze his rear neighbors with the ring. He rests his hand on the seat before him. He pulls at his moustache, each side, and a ways with that finger in rigor mortis. Heavens, if he would only hit something and bust up the fixed calmness, the stiff-leggedness of that dreadful finger, and break off that disgusting long monstrosity of a quill on the end of it.

Over on the right I suddenly pull up, and take in a big grizzly hand, seemingly built of parchment and catgut. If that hand was stuck through a hole in a wall, I would climb up, dead sure I'd find the horse's friend on the other side. Sure enough, I follow it up, and then I find it attached to Henry Bergh. He wears on one of his time-honored forefingers three big gold rings, like a patriarch of a Jew.

Huddled in beside this tough old warrior, the long-drawn-out visage casts into the shade a dapper little man, whose quick-moving, womanish hands seem designed to be topped off with a thimble, and that design wouldn't be out of place, for they belong to Lanouette, who is unmoved by acting, unstirred by the story of the play, but is roused to madness as the heroine fails to turn her right side to the audience on which most of the drapery is disposed. It is hard for a man to see a fool of an actress forget that a coruscation of embroidery and an overpowering arrangement of lace has been laid out by him on her northeast side and persistently kept in the shade by a southwest presentation.

Oh, Moses, look at that hand! An eye cast in its direction can with difficulty see anything else. Is that a Westphalia ham? No; traced to its source, it's the mighty fist belonging to Mike Norton. What would constitute a full hand for that man? Some little thing like a barrel of flour might, but it don't lay in a pack of cards to do it. As far as I can see, the stalwart Michael is above an effort to decorate that important member of his body corporate. The tremendous hand is worn as natural.

Here's another big hand, with fingers of ex-

traordinary length and suppleness—a well-made, intelligent hand, well proportioned to the very large body of Fred Archer, the organist. That large white hand of his beckons up a memory of another like it, that alas! has mouldered in the grave for several years—dear Robert Heller, whose handsome, wondrous hand held music and magic with unequalled grasp. How well I remember a peculiarity of those gifted hands. From contracting the muscles, in order to palm things, Heller had two deep holes like scars in the middle of both his hands.

Well, God bless us, don't let us contemplate phantom hands, but come down to two such solid facts as John Duff has just placed on his knees. I always feel as if there must be things inside those hands, just as I am positive there were bowels in the late lamented Eddy's feet. I was once on board a car when that tragedian got his foot jammed in a door, and I nearly broke my neck getting off before the passengers removed his boot to ascertain the damage. If John Duff was to cut a finger in my presence, I'd faint away in apprehension of what might occur.

There's a wiry bit of a dried-beet sort of hand, holding a play-bill up, in one of the private boxes. It's not a hand to carry a glass of wine often to the dark little face of its owner. A play-bill looks out of place in it, and there's a reluctance on the part of the opera-glass to focus properly for that hand, as if inanimate objects recognized had little in common with amusement and gaiety the heart of Jay Gould can hold.

There's one remarkable hand in the box opposite. It's an active, pleasant, family hand that leads a life of unusual usefulness. I often watch with interest that excessively clever hand—an independent organ, owing nothing to nobody—ministering with unfailing intelligence to its owner, Professor Doremus, who is the gentleman mentioned in the Bible as not letting his right hand know what his left is about—because he has only one arm.

I didn't think my chapter on hands would be complete without reference to some female hands, and that famous one, four aces and a king. Just now there flourishes on the stage to which all these other hands are directing their glasses, a rousing pair of she-hands. They belong to the stalk of the Jersey Lily. If ever Nature designed a couple of hands to wrestle with a milking stool and the dasher of a churn, for that nature designed those of Mrs. Langtry—large, loose, coarse red hands. Her neck is lovely, her face is handsome, her hair is beautiful, her waist is aristocratic—but her hands are awful, and there's a painful rumor that she can't enjoy an innocent little game of draw poker—being unable to take a hand in, on account of its size.

Heaven has kindly denied me the power to remember the faces of the dead. Would that I could say the same of hands. From out the shadows of the grave the pulseless hands have never done reaching toward my unforgetting heart. There comes a beautiful hand, so delicate, so trusting, so light and busy when we were ill, so earnest and helpful when care laid heavy upon us, so tender and loving in the hour of sorrow—such a handsome hand. Oh! Tony, you and I can always see the beautiful hands of Annie Pastor.

I look at a yellow old letter and as I read, "If my baby is a girl it shall bear your well-known name," does the dear face that once bent over that paper come back to me? No; but over its faded surface I see a large, white, straight, taper-fingered hand—strong, firm, reliant—a noble hand—the hand of a queen—the splendid hand of Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa.

And now again, and the outstretched, viewless, intangible, but to me real hands, I see . . . Do I draw my rations as a low comedian, or am I bidding to fill the niche in the popular heart lately filled by Sara Jewett of Champion Gusher? That's what I want to know, and I stop right here, thankful that at any stage of the game I can strike hands as partner, comrade and sole proprietor of the handsomest masculine hands in New York, and claim ownership of a tidy, tired claw, that is threatened with lead poisoning if it don't drop the pencil after appending the affecting sig. of your

Na-Modherroo.

James O'Connor Roach, a gentleman well known in theatrical and literary circles, and who has an intimate knowledge of every phase of Irish life and character, has been interviewed by a member of THE MIRROR staff concerning the forthcoming production of his play, Na-Modherroo, at Niblo's Garden.

"I expected that my play would have been given to the public earlier," said Mr. Roach, "but you may state that it will see the light at Niblo's Garden during Easter week. People are so accustomed to one kind of Hibernian dramas that mine will be a surprise to them. The usual plots and incidents of these plays are unpleasant—often repulsive; but there is a more natural state of things to be recorded in Ireland than the blood-curdling escapes of unfortunate peasants who are imbued with the wild and Utopian idea of freeing Ireland by

moonlight excursions among the ruined abbey and round-towers of the Green Isle. I have written a play in which—can you believe it?—for I notice your querying look of surprise—there are no process-servers. It is remarkable chiefly for the elimination of the conventional stage Irishman and his subservience; the absence of an English soldier as a butt for native ridicule; no hardened and unyielding landlord; no *leis jatuus* in the shape of a whiskey-bottle—in fact anything that would disgust the feelings of the friends and well-wishers of the Celtic race."

"Can you give any idea of the plot and characters of your piece?"
"I do not like to anticipate, as others are interested with myself in bringing it out; but I read the piece to A. M. Palmer, John F. Poole, John Stetson, and several well-known judges. Mr. Palmer seemed especially pleased, and told me that it was to him a revelation of Irish life."



LONDON, JAN. 1.

MY DEAR MIRROR—I am not going to send you a dry chronicle of Christmas pantomimes and fooleries—the newspapers will tell you all about them. But I am going to tell you, as well as I can, the straight truth about some London productions, most if not all of which you will have on your side of the ferry, heralded by blasts of trumpets, and, if not "taken from the French," at least imported by the French. Also, I purpose to bear true witness to the success or failure of sundry and divers American artists and plays that have of late attracted public attention on this side. To proceed:

The farcical comedy, *Confusion*, which is drawing like a 500-horse power engine at the Vaudeville, has a history. Mr. Derrick, the author (?), peddled it about town for months, but could get no one to look at it. Not a manager in London would even smell the outside wrapper. Derrick was in despair, and took to—well, something beginning with his own initial letter and having like reference to "hoisting in." At last an angel of mercy appeared in the form of a man with twenty-five pounds sterling to the good, which sum he expended in hiring a hall, or rather a theatre, for a matinee, or, as they call it here, a "morning performance." The play caught on at once; Derrick became a celebrity; sold his piece for eighty pounds to Tom Thorne, of the Vaudeville, one of the managers who had so pertinaciously refused it, and who is making a small fortune by it, and Derrick is full of honor and—ever since. Not a critic in London has tumbled to the fact that *Confusion* is nothing more than the old-time farce *My Blessed Baby*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Keely used to make our fathers laugh, elaborated into four acts and padded with ancient pantomime jokes and tricks. It is admirably acted, I must confess, and sufficiently laughable were it not so long-drawn out.

Lotta, the dramatic cocktail, has made a dire failure in London, firstly, because she was stupidly managed and indiscreetly puffed by Harry Jackson, and secondly, because the piece she opened in, *Musette*, was too bad even for London. Lotta has delayed too long her English attempt. Had she tried it "in the days when she was young" she might have had a different story to tell; but now it is too late.

The earthquake in Claudian, at the Princess Theatre, is immense; the piece extremely dull and prosy. The *Glass of Fashion*, at the Globe, is a pleasant comedy well acted by Alice Lingard, who looks as handsome as a goddess, and Lottie Venne, who is simply charming. A few sticks of men, of what poor George Honey used to call "cuff-shooters," make up the cast.

The Golden Ring, by Sims and Freddie Clay, at the Alhambra Theatre, is awful rubbish, dramatically and musically—commonplace in both respects—with not an original phrase or thought either in the score or the book. Magnificently put upon the stage so far as scenery, dresses, chorus and orchestra go, but very poorly sung and acted.

The arrangements for the production of *Only a Farmer's Daughter* at the Standard Theatre, are satisfactorily concluded, and the play will be given on the 23rd of February with completely new scenery and a cast in which Mr. J. Arnold, a young American actor, who is a prime favorite in London and who has just concluded a most successful season at the Comedy Theatre as Rip Van Winkle, will play the leading male part. The ladies, it is said, will be two of your most admired actresses.

Mary Anderson has given a good name to American actresses in London, and there is a splendid chance for the right sort of woman in this country. The English know little about dressing, and a handsome woman who can act and dress, is certain of success here.

Esmeralda, under the somewhat clumsy title, *Old Folks' Ways*, has not made much impression, chiefly on account of the utterly uncharacteristic way in which it is acted. Fancy an old North Carolina farmer with a Cockney accent! Sooth to say, the ordinary English actor can play nothing but an Englishman. He is too stiff in the tongue and too self-contented. Eleanor Calhoun, the California girl, has made herself a prime favorite at the Haymarket, and will soon plume her wings for higher flight.

Professional Doings.

—E. E. Rice is in Chicago. He returns to town on Saturday next.

—J. E. Kellard has joined one of the Boston Theatre travelling companies.

—The Callender Minstrels will repeat their Festival in Philadelphia in April.

—May Leese has joined the George S. Knight company.

—John Duff has temporarily distanced his opera company.

—Madame Pappenheim appeared at the Thalia concert last Sunday.

—George Davenport still lies very low at St. Luke's Hospital.

—Julma will probably be produced at Niblo's this Spring.

—The Bijou Opera company go to San Francisco in the Summer.

—Six companies are now playing *The Beggar Student* in this country.

—Will Harkins will be disengaged by the closing of *Her Second Love*.

—Haverly's Mastodons will open in a fortnight at the Cosmopolitan Theatre.

—Master Barney, well known in variety circles, is dying at his home in Brooklyn.

—Joseph H. Camp, of Barney McAuley's company, was married on Jan. 13 to Miss E. Hope.

—There are now two companies playing Peck's Bad Boy. A third is about to take the road.

—John Leslie, the acrobat, died in Jersey City, on Jan. 2, and was buried by the Actors' Fund.

—David Bidwell has open dates at his New Orleans theatres for February, March and April.

—A new drop has been painted for the Bijou, replacing that representing Public Opinion.

—McKee Rankin and his company are rehearsing Gabriel Conroy daily at the Theatre Comique.

—C. B. Palmer is arranging for a new piece for his star, Carrie Swain, from the pen of Fred Madden.

—George S. Knight is in the city. He is much pleased with his new leading man, Edward Kendall.

—Boccaccio will be played to-night (Thursday) at the Thalia Theatre, with Geisinger in the title role.

—Many companies are compelled to shin along for dates to fill up the gap made by the Cleveland fire.

—Manager H. M. Richmond has cancelled all dates for his Meadville (Pa.) Opera House, recently burned.

—Business has picked up all over the country. It was very dull preceding and just after the holidays.

—Stetson has now finally got *The Ace of Clubs*, which he intends to produce immediately in Boston.

—The fiftieth night of *Orpheus and Eurydice* will occur on Friday, the 18th. Handsome souvenirs of course.

—Margaret Mather had large houses last week in Brooklyn. The papers went into raptures over her Juliet.

—Charles Shutz is in New York on his way to Europe as agent for F. W. Bert, the San Francisco manager.

—Den Thompson has changed his Boston date from Feb. 25 to March 10, to accommodate Manager Abbey.

—Brooks and Dickson will produce Pinero's *Haymarket success, Lords and Commons*, at the Star Theatre shortly.

—Leigh Lynch, of the Union Square, reports business very good. Storm-Beaten will be withdrawn on the 26th.

—Alfred P. Beaven has cancelled his dates on the road and opened Beaven's Opera House, Long Island City.

—Dr. Turner, of Birmingham, with the assistance of a stock company, will shortly build a theatre in that benefit city.

—The Boston Bijou Theatre management have secured the Boston right to play *The African Journey* in English.

—Seventy thousand dollars has been raised toward a sum of \$165,000 for the erection of a new theatre in Newark, N. J.

—John H. Stuart, comedian with W. H. Rice's Pleasure Party, has attracted good notices from the provincial press.

—Fred. Warde will play *The Gladiator* toward the end of this season. The version used by Salvini will be adopted.

—The report that Florence Ellis is to return to the stage has no foundation. The lady is married and living in retirement.

—C. E. Holler and Samuel Gladstone have joined Alexander's *Nobody's Claim No. 2* as agent and press man respectively.

—The juvenile parts in Baker and Farron's plays are now acted by Amelia Watts, recently a member of Elie Elster's company.

—The *Glass of Fashion*, which failed to draw here, did a big business at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week.

—James Harrison has been moved from Cincinnati to Baltimore, suffering from partial paralysis. His home is in the latter city.

—Lizzie Higgins, pianist, and Minnie Stevens, soprano, join the Emerson Concert company in Dayton, O., to-day (Thursday).

—Maude Granger and *Her Second Love* come in after this week. They are playing in Philadelphia. Bad business is the cause.

—James Dwyer, the stage doorkeeper of the Madison Square Theatre, is unable to attend to his duties, owing to a partial paralysis.

—J. T. Sullivan, formerly a Detroit pressman, and who has been but a few months on the stage, is doing good work in Rhea's support.

—Laura Joyce-Bell is suffering from a cold, her place at the Bijou being taken by Carrie Perkins, formerly well known as one of Rice's prime donne.

—John Stevens produces *Celia Logan's An American Marriage* at the Park and Third Avenue Theatres for a week and then sends it out to California.

—John Queen, of Harrigan and Hart's, is very low with general debility. In years-ago he belonged to the well-known variety team of Queen and West.

—Rehearsals of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera begin on Monday next. The models, etc., arrived on Tuesday, and the stage manager is expected daily.

—The Theatre Royal at Montreal has been degraded to the base use of a *Dion Maestri*. J. B. Sparrow remains in the management, associated with H. R. Jacobs.

—Jacques Kruger is thinking of joining Charles Burke (of the Tourists) and Frank Wills, with a view to the trio taking the road with the Old Cronies comedy.

—Manager James E. Fennema, of Houdin's New Opera House, Cincinnati, is making intensive preparations for the advent of Hagley's Opera company, Feb. 21.

—Complaints are being made daily that some of the Western opera houses are badly heated. In some cases the audiences are unable to sit out the performance.

—Newton Stone, who played *Huckleberry* in *Rumors for Rent*, and *Martin in An Arabian Night*, is recently playing *Roger, the Wanderer*, in *Only a Woman's Heart*.

—Colville intends organizing a very strong company for next season to play *The World, Youth and Taken from Life*. His idea is to play these works in every city visited.

—Will Carleton, author of *Fritz in Ireland*, is in town with Harry and Fay, at the People's Theatre, rehearsing his new piece, *Her Royal Niblo*, which they will shortly produce.

—David Heyman is on to correct the statement that all the positions in the Kate Cauleton party have not been filled. He says the company for Australia is complete.

—John F. Donnelly did not, as reported in several papers, go to Florida. He is sufficiently recovered to be able to attend to his duties as business manager of the Bijou.

—A. C. Woodland and Hughie Daugherty, so well known on the musical stage, have made a gambit bit with their entertainment in Boston, where they opened last week.

—Goldring, the magician, has arranged to give entertainments every afternoon and evening in the new Eden Museum on Twenty-third street. A hall seating 500 will be used.

—George Adams, the clown, is again at work, not having wasted much time, although the burning of the New Park Theatre at Cleveland cost him his entire wardrobe and properties.

—The Volke Family do not return to America in March. James Powers, who went to England with Edna, and who joined the Family in October, has now permanently taken Fredon Volke's place, owing to the latter's falling health.

—Nellie Lingard, by permission of J. W. Collier, has been engaged to play *Diana*, in *Fun on the Bristol No. 2*. The company opened to a fair house at Astor Park, N. J., Wednesday, and plays in Piquette (Library Hall) this week.

—Agnes Booth has been engaged by John A. Stevens for an American Marriage, and Miss Jewett has been offered by the same manager an engagement to go out to California in place of Miss Jeffries Lewis, who already sails for Australia.

—The benefit for the International Charity Fund takes place to-day at the Metropolitan Opera House. Most of the attractions are playing in town will be represented. The ever-welcome Agnes Booth and Joseph Whiting appear in *Old Love-Letters*.

—The Alpine Room will be professed the last week in January, at the Madison Square. The cast will include George Charles, William Ramsey, Thomas Walker, W. J. Latham, George Cayton, Marie Bonington, Mrs. Waples and Miss Lida Van Stuyvesant.

—Charles MacGushy said yesterday that the friendly relations between Harry Lee and the management of The Standard of Paris were maintained. Joseph Woodhead will play the part of Jago for a few weeks, until Frank Mack Murray is ready to replace him.

—It is stated that Sparrow was the amount paid by John Stevens for *Prisoners of Love*, Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera. This covers the sole right for the United States and Canada, ending Boston, where Manager Field owns it. E. E. Rice will have charge of producing it on John Stevens's account.

—William Beveridge, the English actor who supported McKee Rankin last Summer in Chicago, having seen *The Crown of Paris* played in London, wrote to Mr. Rankin that he had better secure it, as it was a drawing piece. Rankin, however, was too late, for Miss Rankin had it by cable.

—Charles H. McConnell's extensive printing establishment in Chicago, which was flooded by water through a nearby fire on Dec. 26, has resumed business, and is prepared to fill orders. All contracts will be carried out, and patrons will lose nothing, as cuts, etc., will be replaced without expense.

—Manager Colville reports a boom of the boomiest description at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. People turned away on Sunday night. Nothing definite has been settled in regard to burlesque pieces. Mr. Colville expects, but with such a large field to choose from there is but little doubt that the selections will be advantageous.

—Some misunderstanding has arisen, owing to the song, "For Goodness Sake," being sung by several people. At Burlington, Ia., a lady with Mettrey's Tourists' Specialty company sang it, and received marks of disapprobation. This failure was attributed to Kate Cauleton, whereas none of Rice's companies has appeared in that town this season.

—Marion de Lazare informs us that he has submitted to E. E. Rice a comic opera called *The Bridge of Sighs*, which he has hopes will be accepted, so as to follow *Orpheus*. The music is by Offenbach, the book by Louisa. It was originally produced at the Varieties in Paris and ran 250 nights. The piece is divided into four acts. The scene is laid in Venice in 1623, affording an opportunity for picturesque dresses and scenery.

—Fun on the Bristol will be played at the Third Avenue Theatre on the 25th inst. Frank Tannehill, of this company, will go to England next Summer, taking over under his management Frank Tannehill, Sr., E. D. Tannehill, Mrs. Tannehill, Walter Gals, Harry Wilson and daughter, and possibly Little Henson of Wood's, Philadelphia. They will open at Liverpool or Manchester. Probably Henry C. Jarrett will be interested in the enterprise.

—W. H. Powers, the manager of Powers' Opera House, Grand Rapids, Mich., is among the foremost Western managers. He has looked this season the cream of the attractions. The house, which is now on the grand floor, has been greatly improved. The most improved electric light has been put in. The stage has been enlarged, and the auditorium resealed and repolished. The list of attractions printed on our twelfth page shows that he has little to fear from rivalry.

The Usher.



Hand him who cast The ladies call him, must.
—Lena's Lament's Love.

In the course of a letter from one of THE MIRROR's Boston readers, an amusing incident is described that occurred during an amateur performance of *Damon and Pythias* in a manufacturing town near the Hub: "The approach of the tyrant Dionysius should be heralded by trumpeters. Just before making his entrance Dionysius discovered that no tooter had been provided. In hot haste he sent a small boy out to the orchestra to tell the cornet player he was wanted 'up on the stage.' While Dionysius was awaiting an answer to the message, he heard his cue given; so he skipped on to the stage without the customary brazen flourish. Imagine his surprise and consternation when he saw that Dutch cornet-manipulator throw his instrument across the footlights and then proceed to clamber over after it. Four or five arms were suddenly extended from the wings, and the luckless musician was hauled off, *sans ceremony*."

A man named Hickey is travelling through Ohio, refusing admittance to the correspondents of all papers. As he is playing Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, it is quite natural that he should exclude a class of writers who would necessarily expose his little game.

Strange secrets are lightly told sometimes, without a notion of what their effect is likely to be. On the authority of a trustworthy informant I have it that little Ida Mülle, the Cupid of Orpheus, is not a child at all, but a married woman, with two lively children, whom she takes excellent care of. This is sad news for the dude brigade who monopolize the front rows at the Bijou on the young lady's account, chiefly.

I don't know what truth there is in the story, but it is said that the principal lady of a certain comic opera troupe now playing in this city was fined \$5 the other morning by the stage-manager for some trifling breach of discipline. "Oh, well," said she, "the manager is five weeks behindhand with my salary. I don't suppose I shall ever get my money, so the amount may as well be taken out in fines." As this peculiarly feminine speech was made in the presence of the entire company, with whom the manager was equally in debt, the effect can better be imagined than described. It opened the floodgates of rebellion, and the manager, to quell the torrent, had to make up part of the salaries in arrears.

Henry Lee withdrew from The Strangers of Paris on Saturday night. Contrary to all reports the dissolution of contract was amicably adjusted, through the mediation of Charles Frohman and Lilford Arthur. Lee's only reason for leaving was that the business had not reached such a figure at any time as to entitle him to anything. He had got all the glory there was to be got from strangling and, as there was no prospect of a financial betterment, he got out. He will next appear in a piece called *Le Chevalier de Molière*.

Retribution came fast on the heels of Mr. Mansfield's Louisville exploit. He has no company to pick rows with now, nor is he likely to have for some little while to come. The fun of the denouement in St. Louis is that he has now for an adversary Mr. Allan Hamilton, the gentleman who essayed the impossible job of managing Mr. Mansfield, and who endeavored to protect him from the tempest aroused by his difficulty with Outram.

Henry Irving, who knows the temper of English audiences like a book, is of the opinion that Lotta was damned on her first night by an organized clique, placed in the theatre by some unscrupulous ruffian. It is shrewdly suspected that the guilty party hails from this side of the water, and that he was actuated by motives of business rivalry. Several papers on my exchange list have not hesitated to publish the name of the suspect. It seems incredible that any manager, no matter how unprincipled, could stoop to such a low and dirty scheme to crush a woman who has no equal in her particular line of acting. I am glad to learn that the villainous plot will in all probability prove abortive, inasmuch as recent reports say that Lotta's receipts have picked up nightly, and the public are much pleased with her vivacious style.

By the way, I notice that Jackson advertises

George Howard, Lotta's comedian, "from Wallack's." Howard is a veteran burlesque actor, but he is entirely unknown to the Wallackian clientele. Lots of lies are told about professionals when they're several thousand miles away from home.

Stoney Howard cannot keep out or in in the Ranks for any considerable time. He has resigned from and returned to that melodramatic concoction three distinct and separate times.

The Saturday evening performances during the Booth season have been "off" nights in more than one sense. Sheridan tells me that by his first performance he lost \$4, and that the last one netted him just \$2.50. F. W. Bert, through Howard Taylor, his Eastern agent, has engaged him for four weeks at the California Theatre, in San Francisco. The star has evidently altered his mind about the state of theatricals at the Golden Gate.

They don't mince things much in the oil regions. My Bradford (Pa.) correspondent sends me a dodger used by Sullivan's Female Minstrel Minstrels recently in his city. It begins thus: "Get on to this! Here's a la-la for you!" (What's a la-la, I'd like to know?) "We will give you a delicious *can-can*, introducing eight tow-path maidens, warranted to keep till Spring. Don't let it take a brick block to make you tumble! Economy of dress is the secret of success!" etc. Evidently there is a fine opening for an enterprising Anthony Comstock in Bradford.

A Toronto correspondent sends me a copy of the *Evening News* of that city, the dramatic column of which is made up almost entirely from MIRROR paragraphs. Seventeen of these are used without the change of a word, but no indication of the source from which they were taken appears. This sort of pilfering, although quite common, is certainly discreditable.

Mary Anderson is as good as she is beautiful. On Christmas Eve, so says the London *Stage*, she gave each member of her company a handsome present and distributed cards and sovereigns among the Lyceum stage-hands. New Year's Day, in conjunction with a Mr. Hoge, she provided a bounteous dinner for 260 destitute boys at a school in the Seven Dials. Now it will be in order for somebody to say that our tragedienne did this act of Christian charity for an advertisement.

The Beggar Student is the cause of a good deal of litigation. McCaul has enjoined Charles Fort from performing it. The proceedings were taken in Baltimore. Ford says that he bought the piece from Hans Kreissig, the musical conductor, who had a translation of the song-book made by a clergyman connected with a conservatory of music. He further defends his production of the work on the ground that it is published in Germany, and that publication robs the author of his rights in this country. This is a very petty loophole to sneak out by. Because there doesn't happen to be an international copyright covering such matters a man is not justified in appropriating another man's property.

Fanny Davenport is having immense houses across the ferry in Brooklyn this week. She is still in love with the part of the Princess Fedora, and indignantly repudiates the report that she is sick of it. "I doubt if a continuous stretch of 200 nights would make it wearisome," she exclaimed yesterday. For the last performance of the week reserved seats are being sold in the gallery.

I have received the following letter from Cincinnati:

MY DEAR SIR:—By all means avoid using ladies' names in your paper without a prefix. In your issue of the 24th you write "Langtry," also "Dolore." Such terms are wrong, very wrong, and your editor is too much of a gentleman not to admit it. You MIRROR is the only organ we have worthy of recognition by the profession; it has honestly earned that position, and I, among many, wish it to keep it.

Why not exclude the word "show" also from your paper? "Performance" or "entertainment" is not pedantic and conveys a much better idea, doesn't it? Long life and prosperity to you is the sincere wish of your friend,

AN ACTOR.

First let me thank "An Actor" for his good opinion: pleasant words indicate appreciation, and appreciation is the best sort of encouragement. But I do not see the virtue of his courteously put objections. Mrs. Langtry and Mme. Dolore, if he asked their views on the subject, would doubtless tell him that the dropping of the conventional prefix when mentioning their names implies a great compliment. People who have not attained celebrity are always Missed and Mistered, unless their Christian names are given. There is no doubt about which Booth, Irving, Terry or Lotta we mean when we print or utter those words without a handle. Sometimes, as in the case of the last mentioned actress, the prefix is discarded in a semi-affectionate or playful spirit. Usually, however, it is dropped as a token of distinction. Nobody would think of calling "Jumbo" Davis, "Davis," or of shortening Minnie Palmer into "Palmer." People would naturally be in doubt as to who was meant, since there are many Davises and Palmers in the business, none of whom has yet become famous. "An Actor" should therefore disabuse his mind of the notion that dropping first names and "Mr.," "Mrs.," "Madame" or "Miss" signifies disrespect or familiarity. As for the word "show," I will admit that it has been much abused and much misused. In the theatrical lingo its proper use is to describe

variety and minstrel exhibitions. These are "shows," legitimate dramatic representations are "performances." The other word, "entertainment," applies strictly to all sorts of lyceum and church affairs, lectures, etc., which, paradoxical as it may appear, are seldom entertaining.

I enjoyed a novel experience Tuesday night. I dined with the Sorosis Society at Delmonico's. This was the first regular feed given by the champions of progressive womanhood, and as Croffut truly said, "If Sorosis had never done anything else in the course of its existence, that dinner was an achievement that would be handed down to posterity." The chief object of the banquet was to show what a fine exhibit of fathers, brothers, sweethearts and male friends generally the fair association could make when put to the test. There were one hundred distinguished women at the festive board and ninety-nine equally distinguished men. Modesty compels the one-hundredth masculine guest to exclude himself from the category; but he was very much on deck all the same, and enjoyed the novel entertainment vastly.

There was no wine, and cigars were tabooed. But there were speeches. The men were decidedly in the background. The *seuss* was excellent, but the viands were paid for out of feminine purses, and the men felt that they had lost their independence. The idea of a man going into Delmonico's with a lady and emerging with a stomach full of solid cheer and a pocket as heavy as it was when he entered was not only strange but startling in its absolute originality. The wine was not missed, as the ladies supplied spirits enough to make up for the deficiency. When the *serbet* was passed about, several gentlemen who aren't averse to tipping on ordinary occasions, looked uncomfortable and left the compound untasted, for fear that they might be thought rashly dissipated. I never realized how fluently a woman can talk when she has a mind to, as I did at this unusual feast. The post-prandial efforts of the noted Sorosis were very impressive. As a sample I may mention that one of them descanted on the beauties of the spectroscopic at considerable length and in jaw-breakingly scientific language, while another let us off with a few remarks on the true origin of "The Picket Guard" and "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

My sex was left completely in the shade. Cortlandt Palmer made a Nineteenth Century Club oration, in which he tried to draw a comparison between woman and the electric light, but he failed signally and wandered off into a lot of spread-eagles regarding the Bartholdi statue and its—as yet—imaginary pedestal. Gerald Massey, introduced as "the mouthpiece of the English workingman," made a very cadish, bungling speech, the only portion of which worthy of repetition was that in which, wishing to describe himself as the poet of the poor, he said that he was "a poor poet." The pleasantest features of the after-dinner exercises were contributed, in the form of recitations, by Georgia Cayvan and Ella Dietz. These ladies, I believe, are the only professionals belonging to Sorosis.

Stetson's New Leaf.

Maze Edwards informs a MIRROR reporter that Langtry's engagement is undoubtedly the best of the season. When it expires, the Confusion company will open at the Fifth Avenue with the original cast, preceded by Distinguished Foreigners, a new skit. In the latter, Florence Gerard imitates Terry, and Harry Dixey burlesques Irving in *The Merchant of Venice*. Miss Terry furnishes Miss Gerard with wigs and costumes, and has given her a number of points. The ladies enter into the spirit of the fun with zest, so that a treat may be expected.

Feb. 11 Princess Ida will be presented at the Fifth Avenue, and Confusion will be transferred to Haverly's Comedy Theatre, where a run is contemplated. The management is over-run with applications for dates for Confusion in the provinces.

Mr. Stetson has temporarily rented the Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia, for the presentation of his successes. A fun on the Bristol company opens at the New York Comedy Theatre on the 28th.

A Contradiction.

W. L. Gleason and Edward Coleman, members of the disbanded New York combination, called at THE MIRROR office on Monday to refute some statements made by Mrs. Post in last week's issue. The first-named of these worthy gentlemen said:

"Mrs. Post rests the blame of all her troubles on me, whereas I was only a member of the company, under a similar contract to hers. In addition, I had the responsibility of looking after and caring for my wife and her sister. The former was leading lady and the latter played an important part. Mrs. Post was 'old woman.' In Portsmouth, Ohio, when abandoned by Markle and Mitchell, I was the only person who had any money, and out of my little all I supported the company with food, and became also spokesman on their behalf at the hotel. The landlord of the latter was very indignant, and only by reason of my great pressure did he permit us to depart with our baggage. We were then without means of conveyance to Cincinnati or any other town, so I approached the local manager for the Baltimore and Ohio Express and tried to induce him to pass the company on its baggage. He declined. Upon recalling to

his mind that I had once visited Portsmouth under the management of R. E. J. Miles, he agreed finally to do so, and had our baggage moved to the depot. Upon consideration we determined that, if possible, we should play at an intermediate town. In order to do this I requested him to free the principal trustees, as they were necessary to get the costumes for our pieces. Mrs. Post's costumes were unimportant, and even Mr. Coleman's trunk is now behind. Who the three defenseless women are I cannot say. When we arrived in Cincinnati, having provided Mrs. Post with every necessity, I went to the Walnut House (where I was known) and secured for the entire company comfortable rooms and board. I was surprised half an hour later to find one member of the company was otherwise settled, and that Mrs. Post had been to Gustave Frohman with a long yarn, I suppose, and obtained money to bring her to New York, leaving the odium of her troubles upon my unfortunate head. I then obtained passes for my own family and Mr. Coleman to New York, where we arrived in time to be greeted unpleasantly by people who had read Mrs. Post's story. Mr. Coleman and Alexander Brown will confirm me. The property trunk Mrs. Post speaks of was placed in my care, as stage manager, by Albert Eaves, the costumer, to look after on his behalf."

Erring Paint-Pots.

John Mazzanovich, the scenic artist, severed his connection with Wallack's Theatre on Saturday night. Speaking to a MIRROR man on Mr. Mazzanovich's retirement, Theodore Moss said:

"It was not a question of the gentleman's ability, but when we engage an artist to serve us alone, we expect him at least to attend to our affairs first. Instead of painting the scenery we required, Mr. Mazzanovich was working for several theatres in town and neglecting our business. This had been going on some time, and we became tired of it."

"Then the artists you employ are not allowed to work for other people," the reporter ventured.

"Certainly not; you can have no idea of the trouble we had in this particular case. We required some scenery for Booth, and, after searching all over town, we found Mazzanovich working night and day at the Bijou, while our work was standing. Here is Horace McVicker, who on several days spent many hours hunting for him, at an expense for cab hire, etc. I suppose he feels that he has been ill-treated. But we must maintain discipline."

Sydney Rosenfeld's Story.

A MIRROR reporter met Sydney Rosenfeld on his return to the city from Boston, where his burlesque on *The Belva* has just been produced with great success by Nat Goodwin, and was asked to give a plain, unvarnished tale regarding the offensive attitude that has been aroused toward him by Mr. Max Freeman, who is the accredited adapter and stage manager of Orpheus at the Bijou.

"I have been loth to rush into print over the matter," Mr. Rosenfeld said, "and have endeavored to evade discussion, but I think in view of the channels my alleged opponent has employed for the transmission of his version, it is time for me to let you know precisely where I stand. Here goes:

"When I returned from Europe last September, Ned Rice met me, and expressed his great regret that I had not arrived sooner, so that he might have given me Offenbach's *Orpheus aux Enfers* to adapt. The version he was then rehearsing was accredited to Mr. Freeman. Rice offered me a salaried position, however, so that in case of emergency I might be on hand. I was then asked to revise Freeman's manuscript. To this I objected, on the ground that it would be professional discourtesy to Mr. Freeman, with whom I had hitherto been on friendly terms.

"But Mr. Freeman needn't know that these corrections are made by you," Mr. Rice pleaded. "You can give them to me and I can have them used." But I declined, only allowing myself to give Mr. Bell a few bits here and there in a friendly, personal way, which he made felicitous use of. I also wrote a new topical song, 'In Other Respects,' the success of which I need not enlarge upon. But that topical song was one of the causes of Freeman's wrath. When the newspapers came out the day following the production of Mr. Freeman's libretto, and with one accord pronounced it rubbish, Mr. Freeman, who had always regarded my employment by Rice with minglings, openly declared that I had worked the press against him. This statement, aside from its utter ludicrousness, ascribed to me such influence with the press as I, in my most delirious moments of triumph, never dreamt of having. I tried to laugh it off as a joke—a rather vague and satanic joke—but still a joke.

"But when several of the weekly papers came out and said that the only good thing about Freeman's libretto was Rosenfeld's song, the Freemanic soul bristled, the Freemanic eye glared, and no power on earth could make Freeman believe anything else than that I had put these things into print myself. From that moment on Mr. Freeman was perpetually fighting phantoms. When I appeared in Mr. Rice's box one night at a performance and made a few pleasant remarks to Mr. Rice not altogether unconnected with the weather, Mr. Freeman concluded that I was 'giving' his libretto and trumpeted his grievance accordingly. No suspected Nihilist was ever more under the vigilant eye of the police than I was under that eye of Freeman's."

Here Mr. Rosenfeld paused and the reporter asked, "How about forbidding you to go behind the scenes?"

"I never attempted to go behind except on business for Mr. Rice. I had been in the habit of giving Mr. Bell new verses for his topical song, and my rights as one of Mr. Rice's company had never been questioned until one night, when Freeman, in a state of bilious venom, refused to let me visit Hell as I had always done. An attempt has been made to turn me into ridicule as a 'stage husband'; my walk behind the scenes had nothing to do with my having married a lady in Mr. Rice's company, but that theory has been worked for all it is worth by the other side.

"On Christmas night Mr. Freeman treated the carpenters to beer—the stage doorkeeper

proper was on duty as fifteen other—treated them to a snack as should I have. That was the night I was arrested. Before this was not the distant cause of my present encounter with Freeman. On this point I am very sure. He has used his position as stage manager to make my wife's place in the company almost untenable. He has endeavored to humiliate her as an actress in such various ways in the hope of reaching me, that to honest feeling men can think me for the feeling of contempt and hatred I feel for that man. Hardly a night has passed since the day I took him to task that has not brought my wife home to me in tears over some new annoyance from the so-called stage manager."

"Did you not complain to Mr. Rice?" asked the reporter.

"Several times," answered Mr. Rosenfeld, with some bitterness; "and his answer was that he couldn't afford to quarrel with Freeman, as Freeman had also a contract with General Harten, and as Freeman himself informed me that Mr. Collier had endorsed Mr. Rice's contract, you will readily see how the issue is settled with the libretto, and how the libretto is permitted to lead to over-compensated defenseless members of the company. I have asked my wife to resign from the company, but as that is precisely what Freeman wants, her pride will not permit of it."

"Then your fight had nothing to do with professional jealousy?"

"Mr. Freeman would only be too glad to be flattered by any such idea. I am not more than ordinarily vain, but I have to tell you, do you think that any librettist in all this city would stand for his libretto against the alleged adapter of Orpheus? Here, with this printed libretto of his and judge for yourself."

"What about your advertisement in last week's MIRROR concerning your improvement of Orpheus?"

"After the failure of the first night Mr. Rice came to me and, reminding me that I was in his employ and should do what I could for him, requested me to revise, asked me to take the libretto back, make what cuts and alterations I thought fit and hand them to him. He would then give them to Freeman as coming from him (Rice) and thus avoid a conflict. On this I acted. I cut out the dreary prologue that Public Opinion spoke the first night. I suggested the introduction of *Popeye's Song* in the first scene in the last act, to avoid that terrible wait while they were waiting the scene. I gave Bell half a dozen lines—"

The reporter interrupted with, "Give me one as a sample."

"Well, Diana comes on dejected. Jupiter meets her courteously. 'Ah, my charming goddess! why this look of deep melancholy?' he asks. I don't boast of any lines; I quote the first one I happen to think of in order to substantiate my argument. I wrote that rebuke. 'Oh, don't put on a pious air, we know you, Papa Jupiter!—and in that I did what I could for him without conflicting with Freeman. I don't sit in judgment on the libretto ascribed to Freeman, which is partly Freeman's, Alfred Thompson's, and the Lord knows who's not. I merely wish it known that my quarrels and my claims are alike just."

"How about Freeman's boast that he is to do the next libretto?"

"An attempt has been made to use this as capital for Freeman. Mark well what I say, as I wish to be literally and correctly reported. Mr. Rice has asked me to work on the material to succeed Orpheus, but I have fully refused to put pen to paper for the *Bijou* House while the *incubus* remains in charge, and Mr. Rice has been unable to dissuade me from this resolve. I am now working for Mr. McCaull. And as Mr. Rosenfeld said goodbye to our reporter, he added meekly: 'Come and see Nat Goodwin in *The Belva* at the Grand Opera House next week. It will make you forget Freeman and every other form of disorder."

Professional Delays.

—Little Harold is resting at her home in Philadelphia. She will play Pennsylvania towns soon and then open in Boston on Feb. 4. Meanwhile the "reorganizing" process is going on.

—H. W. Ellis has sold the English rights to his play, *The Spirit of Quaker Point*, to William Calder. The latter will produce it at the Princess Theatre, Glasgow, sometime during the Spring.

—David Belasco told a MIRROR reporter yesterday that he had no more plays on hand. He intends resting his pen for a little time. May Henson will be done at the Star in the Spring, with a strong cast.

—Charles Green, a popular and efficient member of the Klutz Brothers' staff, and until recently treasurer of the Black Crook combination, has been appointed business manager of the Escorial troupe.

—Although within the past three months four city theatres, the Standard, Commoditan, Windsor and Twenty-third Street, have been destroyed or closed, there are still a few vacant dates to be had at other houses.

—S. H. Barrett, who has been lately managing *The Bandit King*, will heretofore confine himself to the circus business. In his opinion the outlook for next season is encouraging. Mr. Barrett winters at Columbus, Ohio.

—The stockholders of the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival Association held their first annual meeting last Wednesday, and elected Colonel S. A. Whitfield (president of Cincinnati), President, O. H. Hall, Secretary, and R. E. J. Miles, Dramatic Director. The Festival for '94 will probably take place in April. The auction sale of season seats began on Tuesday.

—Samuel Colville informs us that *The Pavements of Paris* will not go on the road at the end of its run at Nibbs'. Later in the Spring he will produce it either at the Star or at his Fourteenth Street Theatre, and in Philadelphia. On the 26th of July, a company playing the piece will open in Chicago for the summer, carrying in its repertoire *The Pavements, The World, and Taken from Life*.

—In good time does this "Life of Gargantua and the Heroic Deeds of Pantagruot, from the French of Rabelais" make its appearance in the series of "Morley's Universal Library," translated by Urquhart, with an introduction by Morley. That it bears the imprint of the famous house of George Routledge & Sons commends it at once to favorable consideration. Everybody must become acquainted with Rabelais, and we can none the better way than by the aid of this volume, which gives us in good compass the thoughts, whacks and thrashes, that have been and are to be freely about by the giant rector of the morris. At the head of all miscellaneous intellectual works moves Rabelais, and great work in his artful company.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

New Opera House.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

ALTON, Ill., Jan. 15.—The new Root's Opera House was opened this evening, with Rice's Surprise Party No. 3 as the attraction. The company was well received, especially W. H. Fitzgerald as Pop.

On the Erie.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

BUFFALO, Jan. 16.—Matters are rather quiet on the Erie Canal this week. The Lights of London, at the Academy of Music, flickered before a medium audience Monday night. Carrie Swain as Wahle's fared about the same. Julia Rive-King's piano recital at the same house Monday afternoon was enjoyed by an audience which half filled the auditorium. Canary's American Four at the Adelphi comfortably filled that house.

Uncle Josh's Rheumatism.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

ROCHESTER, Jan. 16.—Denman Thompson is doing a fine business at the Academy. Uncle Josh is such a jovial old gentleman that his hosts of friends in this city are determined to make his annual visit both pleasant and remunerative. Although Mr. Thompson is suffering severely with rheumatism, he pluckily does his work and manages to keep his audiences in the best of humor.

Isabelle Morris joined the White Slave party here. She will do leading business, vice Julia Stuart, who severed her connection with the company on the 15th. The Pilgrim Orchestra, with Den Thompson, present the finest musical treat we have had here in a long time, and are vociferously and deservedly encored nightly.

Irving's Tour.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—Irving opened his second week with The Lyons Mail, and is playing to crowded houses and continued enthusiasm.

Siberia is drawing full houses at McVicker's. The play is favorably received. Joseph Murphy is playing The Kerry Gow at Hooley's to fair business. Fair business with Rice's Surprise Party at the Grand. The Flying Dutchman, at the Academy, and the New York Opera company, in Queen's Lace Handkerchief, at the Standard, both opened to full houses.

Sanger's Bunch.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 16.—The second visit of The Bunch of Keys is even a greater success than the first. It is the biggest card of the season here. The Grand is crowded every night.

The Chanfraus are having light business with Kit and The Bankrupt's Wife at Comstock's.

A Not Unusual Haverly Rumor.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 16.—Aldrich and Parsloe, at the Opera House, had a large attendance on the opening night, as also had Rice's Travelling company at Liberty Hall. Leavitt's company at the Academy, the Museum, and George France at the Phoenix, opened fairly. The Lyceum remains closed until the 18th, when Minnie Hauk comes.

It is rumored about town that Colonel Haverly is contemplating the erection of a theatre in this city at an early day, and for that purpose is looking up a site.

Miscellaneous.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 16.—Dion Boucault resumed his tour here on Monday night, appearing at Low's in The Shanghai. The house was very fair. Margaret Mather opened at the Providence as Juliet before a large and refined audience.

ALBANY, Jan. 16.—On Monday night, at the Leland, in the Ranks began a week's engagement to only ordinary business. Last night the house was larger, but not full. At Music Hall Monday evening Kernels, Wheatley and Traylor had good house.

TRIO, N. Y., Jan. 15.—Only a Woman's Heart, produced here for the first time, made a favorable impression last night. It is a strong play. The company is very good. Newton Beers and Lillian Pomeroy, the stars, received applause and calls.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 13.—A Friendly Tip closed its fifth Chicago engagement this season at the new Standard Theatre to-night. Houses packed every night since Monday, hundreds being turned away at both performances to-day.

WHITNEY AND DYER.

Howard Taylor, the Eastern representative of F. W. Her's Californian theatrical interests, said yesterday to a MIRROR reporter: "My play of Snowflake, in which Annie Pixley first made her mark in San Francisco, is in active preparation for production in the early Spring at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco. When last presented it had a run of over a week, the last matinee being attended by over 4,000 people. We play it East with a well-known couplet in the title role, and with two premieres from Vienna and Paris, and a complete corps de ballet."

Frank McNish, whose Silence and Fun is the special feature of the T. P. W. Minstrel company, had a pleasant surprise at his return to Rochester on Saturday night. He was welcomed in his act and presented with a gold chain from the members of the company. On the other hand he was represented in a most interesting way. Mr. McNish is the post-

master of the troupe—that is, his first move on reaching a town is in the direction of the P. O., and the members have set the seal of their appreciation upon his punctiliousness. He will do his grand and lofty tumbling in Paris this year.

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Seventh Month of the Four-Act Farce-Comedy.

THE RAJAH.

The Beautiful Glade Scene, Brook of Running Water, Novel Scenic Effects.

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Broadway and 35th Street.

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THIS WEEK.

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

The celebrated artist, KATE CLAXTON, in the TWO ORPHANS.

Supported by Mr. CHARLES A. STEVENSON.

RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. AND \$1.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee and Manager Mr. HENRY E. ASHBY.

Reserved seats (orchestra circle and balcony), 50c.

THIS WEEK.

Every Evening at 8, Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2 o'clock.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT in FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

Lancetto, the Hunchback, Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT. New Scenery, Costumes and Music.

Select Chorus of Madrigal Boys.

Next week—MR. AND MRS. NAT. C. GOODWIN.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager Proprietors and Managers.

AN IMMEDIATE AND POSITIVE SUCCESS.

Last week of THE PAVEMENTS OF PARIS.

All pronounce THE PAVEMENTS OF PARIS.

The great hit of the season in New York.

THE HIT.

SCENERY AND APPOINTMENTS PERFECTION.

And a wonderfully great cast.

MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2.

Next week—GUS WILLIAMS IS ONE OF THE FINEST.

MR. AND MRS. M'KEE RANKIN'S.

THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.

(3d av. and 31st st.)

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

THIS WEEK.

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The following is a list of some of the attractions already booked with me this season: Henry Irving, Thomas W. Keene, George C. Miln, Frederick Warde, John T. Raymond, J. K. Emmet, Robson and Crane, Aldrich and Parsloe, Roland Reed, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, George H. Adams, B. McAuley, Gus Williams, W. J. Scanlan, Robert McWade, John F. Warde, Annie Pixley, Mattie Vickers, Minnie Maddern, Bertha Welby, Ada Gray, Marie Prescott, Maggie Mitchell, Jane Coombs, Janauschek, Clara Louise Kellogg, Emma Abbott Opera Co., Wilbur Opera Co., Madison Square Young Mrs. Winthrop, Madison Square Rajah Co., C. A. Gardner's Karl Co., Hanley's McSorley's Inflation Co., Herne's Hearts of Oak, Collier's Lights of London, Power of Money, Hoop of Gold, The Silver King, The Devil's Auction, Rice's Fun on the Bristol, Our Summer Boarders, Haverly's Consolidated Mastodon Minstrels, Haverly's Minstrels, Callender's Minstrels, Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, Alvin Joslin, Jennie Calf, The University Jubilee Singers, Prof. Cromwell's Art Exhibitions, The V. M. C. A. Lecture Course, Etc., Etc.

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1885

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